

A Self Called Nowhere

They Might Be Giants

I'm sittin' on the curb
Of the empty parkin' lot
Of the store where they let me play the organ
I'm waitin' for my ride
But I want to wait inside
Of the store where they let me play the organ

But I'm thinkin' of a wooden chair
In a room at the top of the stair
And I'm lookin' down the stairwell
At the vanishin' dot, on the map of the spot
Let me take you there
The dotted line, surroundin' the mind
Of a self called 'nowhere'
It's a thing named „it”, in the a bottomless pit
You can't see it there
The sunken head, that lies in the bed
Of a self called 'nowhere'

Standin' in my yard
Where they tore down the garage
To make room for the torn down garage
I'm lookin' for my car
But I must have sold my car
When I needed to buy an electric organ

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Of a self called